The Note Guy

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Chapter 1:
A Girl of Many Thoughts

Elara was the kind of girl who lived inside her own head. To the outside world, she was quiet, a little withdrawn, the eldest daughter who always nodded politely and did what was expected. But inside, her mind was never still. She had too many passions and not enough hours. Writing, singing, psychology, the strange architecture of human emotions she loved them all with a fierce, quiet intensity that confused even her.

"I don't know," she said one afternoon, flopping onto her bed while Kate, her best friend, scrolled through her phone on the floor. "I love writing, singing, psychology, feelings, and a hundred other things. What am I supposed to choose? It’s maddening."

Kate looked up, unfazed. Where Elara was a hurricane of introspection, Kate was sunshine and practicality. "You're overthinking, as usual. Try making different Instagram pages for each hobby. Post your stuff, see what sticks. And keep studying, obviously. You're not dropping anything for a hobby, right?"

Elara hugged a pillow. "No, never. Studies are non-negotiable. My parents would… yeah, I can't."

"Exactly." Kate grinned. "Now, can we get ice cream? This room feels like a pressure cooker."

Elara laughed despite herself. Being the eldest carried a weight she couldn't describe expectations, responsibilities, the constant hum of *you must succeed*. Her hobbies were the only release, tiny windows in a very thick wall. Ice cream with Kate was another.

Later, alone in her room, Elara opened her diary. The day's tension still buzzed under her skin. She wasn't heartbroken, not in the romantic sense, but she understood heartbreak. She'd observed it in others, in books, in the quiet way people faded.

Some wounds don't make noise, she wrote. *They just make loud people slowly quiet*.

She stared at the words, satisfied, then glanced at the clock. "Oh no... 2 a.m. Why do I do this to myself? Sleep. Now."

Tomorrow would be another day of school, of pressure, of trying to decide between science and creativity. But just before her eyes closed, she thought, *maybe tomorrow will feel a little lighter*.

Chapter 2:

The Note on the Table

Sunday morning arrived like a deep breath. The library was Elara's sanctuary rows of books, soft whispers, and the scent of old paper. She arrived at ten, claimed their usual corner, and waited for Kate, who was, as always, late.

To pass the time, Elara wandered between the tables. And then she saw it: a small yellow sticky note stuck to the edge of a desk.

Whoever is reading this, remember you are special to my heart.

Elara snorted. "Everyone's close to someone's heart. What a red flag." She returned to her seat, amused.

Kate burst in twenty minutes later with a smile too big to be innocent. After a dramatic pause and much prodding, she finally confessed: "I'm talking to a guy. Tall, sweet, respectful. I met him in my hometown last week."

Elara's jaw dropped. Neither of them had ever dated. "That's huge! Does he like you back?"

"I think so. But long distance... I don't know."

"If it's real, it'll work," Elara said firmly, then remembered. "Oh, I saw something funny." She led Kate to the sticky note table but now a boy was sitting there, frowning at the note. He muttered, "He's so stupid... always messing up my space," crumpled the note, and replaced it with a fresh one before walking away.

Elara and Kate retreated, giggling. But something didn't sit right. That boy wasn't the one who wrote the first note. The handwriting

was different. The gentleness was missing. So, who had written it?

Elara stayed after Kate left, reading and thinking. The quiet of the library enveloped her, but her mind kept drifting back to the mystery note writer. By four o'clock, she headed home, where a little boy was playing with her younger brother Risek. She'd never seen him before probably a new friend. Then an older boy, maybe his brother, came to pick him up. She only caught a glimpse of his back.

That night, in her room, Elara researched human emotions online, but the library note replayed in her mind. *Maybe I shouldn't judge so quickly,* she thought. *Maybe he tries to protect everyone, but no one does that for him*. It was a quiet, empathetic curiosity.

At 2 a.m., she jolted awake. The library note guy was in her thoughts again. And then a wild connection sparked: *What if Risek's new friend's brother is the note guy?*

"Elara, stop," she whispered. "This isn't a novel. Sleep."

But the note stayed with her, a tiny flutter of mystery in a world of routine.

Chapter 3:

The Stalker

Days passed. Every visit to the library brought a new note on the same table thoughtful, kind words left for strangers. Elara's curiosity deepened. Who was this person who scattered warmth like breadcrumbs?

Then, one afternoon, the note changed.

Are you a stalker looking at my notes again????

Elara froze. Heat rushed to her cheeks. *Stalker? Me?* She wasn't a stalker. She was just… interested. In the mystery. In the words.

Flustered, she left. On the walk home, she spotted a boy carrying a stack of sticky notes, heading toward the library. Her heart thumped. *Could he be…?* She told herself she was only a little curious. Just a tiny bit. So, she followed.

Back in the library, she watched from behind a bookshelf as he stopped at the same table, tall and composed, with a voice that resonated as he murmured, "Let's write something else." There was no doubt. He was the note guy.

She didn't approach him. Instead, she walked home, her mind spinning not with attraction, but with questions. *Which school is he from? Why does he leave notes for strangers?*

That night, she actually slept early. But at 2 a.m., she woke up again, the boy's face lingering behind her eyelids.

Sunday came. Alone in the library Kate was visiting her boyfriend Elara gravitated to the note table. A fresh note waited.

Gurl ik I am handsome don't be so curious.

Her annoyance flared. *Of all the arrogant*

She turned. And he was right there, standing close, an amused smirk on his lips. "Hey, miss stalker."

She bristled. "I am *not* your stalker. I just… those notes were unusual, okay? And you’re not even handsome, so check your eyes."

He laughed, a low, easy sound. Before she could retort further, she spun on her heel and left, heart pounding with a mix of embarrassment and fury.

At home, she scribbled furiously in her diary. *That guy. I hate the way he reacts. Overconfident idiot.* But under the anger was something else a faint, unwelcome thrill.

In the evening, at the park with Risek, she saw him again. He didn't notice her. She was grateful. Back in her room, she dove into her research on emotions, writing, *People react differently some feel instantly, some process silently.* It calmed her. She slept.

Chapter 4:

The Trip

The notes stopped. The table stayed bare. Elara told herself she didn't care. "He was just a random wannabe-cool guy," she muttered. And she almost believed it.

Then the school announced a fun camping trip. Elara disliked crowds, but Kate’s excitement was a force of nature. Shopping, cafe planning, and relentless chatter followed. In the cafe, Kate spotted the note guy with a girl. "Look! Isn’t she beautiful?"

Elara glanced. "She’s just normal. And I don’t care who he’s with." But her fingers tightened around her cup, and she insisted on leaving early. She didn’t understand why her chest felt tight.

The trip began. Bus rides, songs, and a campsite under stars. For the first time in months, Elara simply existed, laughing around a campfire, not thinking about exams or diaries. She and Kate were separated into different activity teams, but Elara’s team Winsten, Rose, and a volunteer named Aalto seemed fine. Until the volunteer arrived.

It was him. Note guy. Aalto.

He grinned at her expression. "Oh. Stalker girl."

Elara wanted the earth to swallow her. The next two days were a battle of wills. She questioned every instruction, he met her sarcasm with infuriating calm, and Winsten and Rose watched like spectators at a tennis match. But somehow, the work got done.

On the final morning, Aalto washed dishes alone, sleeves rolled, movements steady. Elara found herself staring. He didn't look arrogant now just focused, quiet. Then his eyes flicked up and caught hers. She jerked away, face burning. *He didn't notice. He didn't notice.*

He had.

On the bus ride home, Kate immediately teased her about the "eye contact" as they were leaving. Elara denied everything. In the volunteers' bus, Aalto's friend asked why he was smiling. "She's such a childish, bookish girl," Aalto said, shaking his head. "The stalker girl. Funny."

Neither knew the other was thinking of the same brief, electric moment.

Elara came home, showered, and sank into her bed. Her phone buzzed.

Unknown Number: *I hope you reached home safely.*

She stared at the screen, heart racing. "Who is this?" she typed.

The reply came almost instantly.

Unknown Number: *Guess, stalker girl.*

Epilogue

Elara didn't sleep that night. She lay in the dark, the phone glowing beside her, the word *stalker* a strange, unwanted bridge between her world and his. Some part of her wanted to block the number, to retreat into the safety of books and solitude. But a braver part the part that loved curiosity more than fear saved the contact as *Note Guy* and, just before dawn, typed back.

I don’t stalk. I observe. There’s a difference.

Outside her window, the sky was beginning to lighten.
Somewhere in the city, a boy read the message and smiled. And a story that began with a library note found its next chapter.